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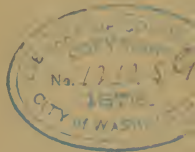
Voices of Welcome.

A CENTENNIAL POEM

FOR

1876.

By Anna C. Brewster



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Even of Independence Day,

1876.

A VISION.

It was night.
From the height
Of the deepening arch above,
Shone the moon in silent splendor,
And the silver star of love:
And the earth in gray robes tender,
Softly laid her down to sleep,
While the star-eyes of the heaven,
With their holy light, God-given,
Their unending vigil keep.

Distant, low,
Seemed to flow,
Soft, the swelling waves of song:
One might listen to the numbers,
Listen breathless, listen long,
'Twas like dream-notes heard in slumbers,
As upon the ear it fell,
Or some nun's low hymn at vesper,
Rising scarce above a whisper,
From her consecrated cell.

Through the air,
 Everywhere,
 Breathed the wondrous melody,
 Still repeated near and nearer,
 Floating on the still air free;
 Changing swift as it grew clearer,
 Into bursts of jubilee,
 Till the tones so grandly swelling,
 Seemed an ancient pæan telling,
 Of a conqueror's victory.

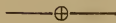
All the soul,
 In the roll
 Of the music's magic power,
 Thrilling with a pulse of pleasure,
 In the impulse of the hour,
 Joined that proud triumphant measure,
 That at first so low and faint,
 Now was everywhere resounding,
 Till the very air seemed bounding,
 With it to the firmament.

Strong and deep,
 As the sweep
 Of unnumbered instruments,
 Rushing, thundering tides of glory,
 Bursting out through unknown vents,
 Heralded our nation's story:
 'Twas the "Anthem of the Free,"
 That the mighty music wafted,
 And these words that onward drifted,
 Sang the Goddess Liberty.

SONG

OF THE

GODDESS OF LIBERTY.



“**T**HERE is a land, I love it well,
So ran the minstrelsy;

“The ocean’s billows round it swell,
And the wild winds range it free.

“Upon its northern coast there lies
A chain of mighty lakes,
Around them giant rocks arise,
And the sea-storm o’er them breaks.

“And there the snow drifts mountain high,
And the blast whirls fierce and cold,
And the blue is hid in the winter sky
By many a cloudy fold.

“And there a noble flag is reared,
Upon whose waving sheet,
The sacred stars and stripes endeared
To patriot eyes we greet.

“Within the curve of its southern coast,
A great gulf lies compressed,
Whose shores have seldom felt the frost,
Or given the snow-flake rest.

“’Tis there the orange blossoms spread,
And its golden fruit is hung,
But still that flag floats overhead,
And Freedom’s bells are rung.

“Two oceans wide, a crystal frame,
 This chosen land guard round,
 A worthy setting for the gem
 That Freedom's hand hath found.

“Two thousand miles apart they roll,
 Yet on each sandy shore,
 That flag so dear to Freedom's soul,
 Shakes out its folds once more.

“Ye need not ask what land that is:
 O'er all the world 'tis known,
 From where the thawless icebergs freeze,
 To Ethiop's burning zone.

“Its glory and its liberty
 Are twined around my heart,
 And all its great deeds are to me,
 As of my soul a part.

“Like priestess by one shrine alone,
 I've traced its course for years,
 Have seen its birth-right trampled down,
 And felt its burning tears.

“I saw the toil drops damp the brow
 Of Freedom's hardy son,
 When first those fires began to glow,
 On honored Lexington.

“I bent o'er Warren's bed of death,
 And Bunker's holy height:
 I wove for Gates a laurel wreath
 At Saratoga's fight.

“I saw the nation's wisest men
 In Independence Hall,
 Write with a firmly guided pen,
 Their names on Freedom's scroll.

“ Each hard contested field I viewed
 As the long strife went on ;
 In triumph with that host I stood
 When Yorktown’s day was won.

“ Ye sons of Liberty ! I cried,
 Be worthy of your crown,
 Cherish in peace the patriot pride,
 That won your great renown.

“ Your offerings on my altar laid,
 Your mighty works begun,
 If its fair leaves of promise fade,
 The shame be all your own.

“ Let never traitor’s daring hand
 The brilliant circlet rend,
 While patriot souls about it stand,
 Its glory to defend.

“ No ! ” echoed o’er the forest land
 From peak to ocean’s swell,

“ No ! ” boomed along Atlantic’s strand,
 Old Freedom’s hallowed bell.”

* * * * *

“ No ! ” from the mountain gorges comes
 The deep and thrilling sound,
 Stirring as with ten thousand drums
 The mighty Union round.

“ No ! ” to the mountain echoes rise,
 From the deep ocean’s shore,
 Myriads of thundering replies,
 Louder than cannon’s roar.

Hark ! from Mount Vernon’s hallowed tomb,
 From Bunker’s pillared height,
 What ceaseless echoing voices come,
 And sweep the land to-night.

From every olden battle ground,
 From every new-built town,
 Where'er a patriot heart is found,
 There comes an answering tone.

The "old thirteen" have sent a band
 Of voices loud and strong,
 And the young states of the wide west-land,
 Have joined the pæan song.

The voices of this mingled choir
 Chant welcomes to the day,
 That sees a century retire
 Before her dawning ray.

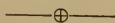
Assembled nations far and wide,
 And many a princely throne,
 Their greetings send, with friendly pride,
 And our "Thanksgiving" join.

Oh! Freedom's hand was weak indeed,
 When her banner she unfurled ;
 But now the stars and stripes out-spread,
 Float nobly round the world.

Let deep voiced cannon, trump and drum,
 Proclaim our liberty,
 The year of jubilee hath come,
 That crowns the Century.

Ceased the strain,
 But again
 All its echoes rose once more,
 Like the surging of the ocean,
 Calmly on a sandy shore,
 When no storm disturbs its motion :
 Fainter as they died away,
 Voice to voice was heard replying,
 Softly in the distance sighing,
 We are waiting for the day.

SONG OF WELCOME.



WELCOME to the dawning!
 Night hath fled, and see!
 O'er the far horizon,
 Breaks a new century.

CHORUS:—Welcome to the dawning!
 "Let it welcome be!"
 O'er the far horizon,
 Breaks a century.

Gloria! America!
 Rising up sublime,
 Happy land of promise!
 Happy western clime!—CHO.

Honor to the statesmen,
 Rallying in her cause,
 Speeding on her promise,
 Guarding well her laws.—CHO.

Glory to her heroes!
 Standing side by side,
 In the shock of battle,
 Braving rock and tide.—CHO.

Honor to her patriots!
 Lovers of her peace,
 Laying down their armor,
 When her battles cease.—CHO.

Honor to the Keystone,
 Where the Century
 Rocked the infant nation
 On her trembling knee.—CHO.

Glory to the Keystone,
 Who hath locked the arch
 Of our glorious Union,
 Through a Century's march.—CHO.

'Neath her strength we gather
 To hold our jubilee,
 And chant in glad thanksgiving,
 "The anthems of the free."—CHO.

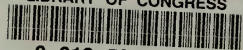
Gloria! America!
 Child of light sublime,
 Mighty star of promise,
 On the brow of time.—CHO.

Let thy glad Te Deums,
 Reach the shining spheres,
 Unto Him who crowns thee
 With thy hundred years.—CHO.

CHORUS:—Welcome to the dawning!
 "Let it welcome be!"
 O'er the far horizon,
 Breaks a century.



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